After Luke had thrown about a dozen

and put a bottle of hartshorn underneath his nose. Buddy gave a Siwash whoop and stood up straight, but swaying like a

"The Yale boy wouldn't stand for that, though, and he gave us the shout to come back. Then he was in the arms of his mother and two sisters all at once, while Luke Murnane, with a sort of wan and envious grin, growled in his mustache, 'Say, whut 'ud you ombreys do t' desarve a hug from sech specimens o' God A'mighty's creation as them three kinswomen o' that kid's?' and I reckon Luke echoed the thought that was in the minds of all of us.

ecnoed the thought that was in the minds of all of us.

"We all got the next best thing to a hug, at that, and that was a handshake, for Buddy introduced us all to his mother and sisters—and Luke was so nervous that he dropped his hat txice in trying to take it

a semi-annual toot for the purpose of fixing him up to meet, without shame, old No. 4 of the U. P. line."

TEACHER IN THE PARK.

chool Children Find One Willing to Ald Them in Their Lessons.

Ever since pleasant weather set in this

spring, small children of the upper West Side who go to Riverside Park in the after-

noons have found a young woman either strolling or seated there with whom they could readily make friends, who they pres-ently discovered could help them very much. She came to New York from a neighor-

## Dining by Candle-Light.

A MAY EVENING IN SUZINA'S BACK-YARD.

over the diners at Suzina's, and now and then a leaf flutters down and settles gently in the soup or favors the spaghetti with a decorative touch. The tables are on the little stone pavement that runs around the flower bed and on the platform that Suzina has had built by the back fence.

But it is doubtful if you can find a place at one of these tables unless you present yourself before half-past 6, and it is certain that you won't find a place unless you are weil known to Suzina, or one of her minions, or have friends who are.

For-this exposure must be whispered-Suzina doesn't pay \$1,200 a year, or any other sum, for the privilege of providing ordinaire with a dinner that costs the feaster 40 cents, including the wine. She could never do it. Likewise, her patrons could never do without the ordinaire.

Yet it would be a loss to the town if Suzina's were no more. She knows it, so every night she has a stern sentine! at the basement door.

The house is merely one of many noncommittal, high-stoop brownstones not far from the French quarter. There is no sign outside. It would be useless to try to find it unless you have a special tip. If you have the latter you ring the basement bell, and the door swings open.

This does not mean, however, that you have made good your entrance to Suzina's. A very small, but very resolute figure bars your way and a pair of very keen eyes are looking up at you. It is for you to speak. "May I have my dinner here?"

If you've made a good first impression you hear the words, "Please wait a minute," coming from somewhere near your knees. It is the voice of a slip of a girl. You wait in the dingy basement hall, rather enjoying the novel sensation of soliciting the privilege of patronizing a New York restaurant.

Almost immediately Suzina herself emerges from the kitchen, a buxom creature with a white apron suspended from an ample waist. A pair of scrutinizing eyes like the little girl's are fixed upon you. In all humbleness you again make your request. "Haf you any friends who come here,

Monsieur?" "Well, no, but---"

Suzina shrugs her shoulders and smiles spologetically. "I am very sorry, Monsieur, but we have none but ze regular customer. The humiliation of it! You are not of

the bohemian elect. You've actually been turned down, or rather again turned up -up the basement steps and out into a Philistine world. But mention a familiar name to Suzina

"Ah, you know ze doctair? Yes, yes. Come in, Monsieur. He iss not yet here, but will be at 7 o'clock. You sit at his table, yes? You follow your hostess through the

back hall into the kitchen, an immaculate the kitchen, with a glowing range, and through the kitchen into the back yard, where you take a seat at one of the snowy little tables beside the flower bed and beneath the young This is delightful, but it is not all. You

e among poets.

The fact that they are poets is indicated by the deep gaze they turn upon the soup

wind the spaghetti around their forks. Artists are here; their independent hair and flowing ties proclaim them. who are out for a little lark, and show by a pleased flutter that they think they are partaking of the forbidden; solemn girls who are artistic, and feel that it is a solemn

who are artistic, and feel that it is a serious matter; elderly girls, who have grown portly on tables d'hôte.

They all turns. They all turn as you make your entrance and perceiving at once your distinction of bearing, wonder what you've written or what you've painted. Bows and smiles are being constantly tossed about the back

Every now and then there suddenly rises

above the subdued chatter and clatter the voice of somebody summoning a waiter, always by the first name and always with an accent that is French or Italian, or at any rate is not American. Unless you have practised an accent you don't raise your voice at Suzina's. But if you have the accent you naturally work it hard the accent you naturally work it hard. The shadows of night come softly over Suzina's back fence. The bird on your plate, upon which you have been exer-

plate, upon which you have been exercising your wrist muscles, grows dim.
Bright eyes that you haven't been able to
refrain from occasionally glancing into
under the spell of twilight out here in the
yard become merged in the gloom. Faces
fade away in the darkness. Lights begin to
glow in the rows of windows that look
down. own. It is now that the candles are brought out.

Not long ago, impelled by the spirit of progress, Suzina had a large oil lamp and reflector nailed to the fence. But her patrons didn't care for progress, so she has reverted to the candles. Some of those who come every night have

Ittle boxes with glass sides for their candles.

The majority, however, are well content with just common candlelight that flickers in the gentle breeze and throws odd shadows onthe intellectual countenances of the diners as they linger over their coffee, talking elo-

as they linger over their conce, taking elo-quently, or smoking dreamily.

Ah, this coffee and cigarette time at Suzina's! The trials of the meal itself have all been forgotten. The unreality of the night is on the yard and its guests. It is a time to think up new poems. The laughter of the girls is musical, and mo-mentarily the fair, Madouna-like face

mentarily the fair, Madonna-like face that has drawn you so glows in the darkness from the light of her cigarette and then goes back into the shadows, more alluring, if possible, than before.

All is calm and soothing here on a May evening. There are no songs no speeches or any hilarious Brooklyn or Harlem bohemians, who are bohemians so seldom that they feel themselves obliged to make a noise about it. They would be completely out of this back yard picture.

So dignified is its tone that only rarely pletely out of this back yard picture.

So dignified is its tone that only rarely does any one become "illuminated" here, although for this the mild virtue of the ordinaire deserves some credit. If you should see anybody in the yard with what may be termed a "still" on, you may be sure that he has come in from wilder scenes, and you will notice that he bears himself discreetly, like a man of culture.

An elderly gentleman entered late on a recent Saturday evening and after a period of meditation at a table by himself arose and announced politely that he was Rameses II. It was not with any undue pride that he disclosed his real identity, but merely for the purpose of meeting any and all

for the purpose of meeting any and all comers in a debate on the doctrine of rein-

Nobody denied that he was Rameses

Nobody denied that he was Rameses. For several minutes he talked learnedly, with a number of allusions to the facts of Egyptian history. Then he sat down, satisfied. This is the scholarly kind of inebriation they have at Suzina's.

A little later on the same evening the elderly gentleman saw his daughter over in another corner of the yard enjoying with a party of friends the sociability of cigarettes. Evidently feeling that it was time to do his duty as a father, he arose again and picked his way warily among the tables in her direction.

"Marle," he said, steadying himself against

A large tree spreads protecting limbs a daughter of mine should do it. Why a daughter of mine should do it. Why won't you...," his voice had a note of pleading in it..."why won't you follow the example of your father if you must smoke, and smoke a pipe?"

This was the extent of his fatherly admonition, and there is never anything more strongous at Suzina's expect on the average of the contraction.

strenuous at Suzina's, except on the eve-ings when a thunderstorm comes up sud-Then there is hurrying to and fro, as the

poet says. Every one becomes his own mover of furniture, to say nothing of the loaf of bread and the jug of wine.

There is a war of tables. If yours is crowded out of the shelter by the back door you must take it into the stuffy little diving room, where you certified the rooms. dining room, where you continue the repast

In the melée your soup has probably In the melée your soup has probably been mislaid, and your wine bottle is lying disconsolately on its side, with its life blood, so to speak, covering a large area on the tablecloth with a dripping redness. And just as you are beginning to accept these drawbacks in a spirit of philosophy and wax merry again, the thunder becomes distant and dies away, and the glint of the setting sun adorns the tender leaves with diamonds of the first water.

Unless you want to dine alone you carry

Unless you want to dine alone you carry your table out to the yard again. What the spaghetti has become sodden and little drops of water keep falling on your roast? Food is not all. Think of the fresh fragrance of the flowers and leaves.

The little financial matter which comes as a sort of sordid ante-climax to a poeti-

cal evening at Suzina's, you always settle
with Suzina herself in the kitchen. That
is, you almost always settle. You are not,
of course, a properly qualified Bohemian
if you are not rather short at times.

The proper way to meet this little emergency is to edge over toward the range and

explain to Suzina how it is in a tone of confidential friendliness. She rarely makes a scene. If you have a good face and friends in the back yard among whom you could not afford to be known as a defaulter for 40 cents or 80, or even \$1.20, you may

Dine and go away. And settle up another day. Suzina's address? Well, hardly.

NEW TALE OF KISHINEFF. Refugee Who Reaches Philadelphia Tells

of Awful Horrors He Saw. PHILADELPHIA, May 26 .- Further details of the anti-Semitic riots in Kishineff were told to-day by Schimon Feldman, who reached Philadelphia by way of Rotterdam and New York. He was one of a party of twenty-four who fled from Kishineff to America. His wife and six children are left behind in Kishineff
He was a wholesale liquor dealer and his

He was a wholesale liquor dealer and his place of business was wrecked by the mob. Through the secretary of the Russian Relief Committee he said to-day:

"On the Saturday before Easter the ceremonies of the Greek Church started at midnight as usual, the Christians celebrating the feast with much drinking Many became drunk and began to plunder the Jewish quarters in the southwest part of the town.

"Sunday morning they began to go through the business part of the town, making their way from the southwest to the northeast, plundering and burning stores and houses, killing men and children and outraging women and girls.

"I witnessed some of the awful incidents. The Jews ran through the streets, seeking safety in any place that offered the slightest hope of asylum. I saw a woman murilated in a manner too horrible to be described. I missed my daughter, it years old, and was told to look in the burying ground for her. I saw lying there forty-eight dead men and four dead women, mutilated beyond recognition.

tain, and many private homes were soon filled with the wounded. I should say there were more than a thousand of them. Sometimes I saw them lying in doorways. In a hospital I saw an old man. They had driven nails through his feet and he was very low.

very low.
"Wherever a Jew was seen in the street wherever a sew was seen in the street he was killed. In the plaza of the town bands of men outraged women in the pres-ence of their husbands. Little girls not more than 10 years old are lying in the hospitals as the result of their treatment by these gangs. Some of them were dying when I left.

when I left.

"All classes joined in the murder and pillage. A notary public named Posarshivsky went ahead of a mob with a cane and pointed out Jewish houses to plunder. I also saw a lawyer in the crowd Many good Christian people pitied the Jews and concealed them. To hide in Christian houses was the only way for the Jews to escape. On Tuesday evening hussars on horseback began to drive the mob back with knouts. As soon as the people saw this the massacres stopped.

"The hussars had been stationed in the town all the time, but did not interfere

"The hussars had been stationed in the town all the time, but did not interfere before. On Thursday or Friday following the Governor of Kishinesi was called by telegram to St. Petersburg. After Tuesday the Jewish business community began counting the losses. These were estimated to be not less than 15,000,000 roubles, or about \$7,500,000. About 1,200 or 1,500 houses and stores were destroyed. There are at least \$,000 or 10,000 homeless. Wherever you go you will see the poor and unfortunate."

THE LONGEST WAY AROUND.

Travels of Telegraphic Messages When the Wires Were Down in the West. The recent storms in the West did great injury to the telegraph wires, but the daily papers came out each morning with the news of the world, and few people outside of the telegraph and newspaper offices knew how it was done or appreciated the expedients devised to get the messages

one night the wires were down between Omaha and Council Bluffs, just across the river. An electric light tower had been blown down upon them. All telegraphic communication with Omaha was cut off, but the messages came as usual and almost

but the messages came as usual and almost as quickly.

But they did a lot of travelling to get across the river. First they were telegraphed from Chicago to St. Louis, then to Kansas City, from Kansas City to Denver and from Denver back to Omaha, making a distance of 2,000 miles to get across the Missouri River. This might have been shortened if the wires between Omaha and Kansas City had not been down also.

Recently the connection between Denver and San Francisco was broken. Despatches were sent out from Chicago as usual, but and San Francisco was broken. Despatches were sent out from Chicago as usual, but could get no farther than Denver. There could be no question of their lying over a day or two. They simply had to go through. And they went, but by a round-

about way.

First they were sent back East, via Kansas City to St. Louis, and from there telegraphed down to El Paso, where they got on the Southern Pacific system and reached on the Southern Facine system and reached San Francisco by the way of Los Angeles. They travelled 2,000 miles out of the way to get there, but the morning papers had all the news the next morning.

Sioux City, Ia., is only a little over a hundred miles from Omaha, yet one time, when connection was broken, messages travelled 1,500 miles to get from one city to the other.

ettes. Evidently feeling that it was time to do his duty as a father, he arose again and picked his way warily among the tables in her direction.

"Marie," he said, steadying himself against the fence, "you know I disapprove strongly, very strongly, of your cigarette smoking. It grieves me to see it. I am surprised that travelled 1,500 miles to get from one city to the other.

The operator at Sioux City got a wire to St. Paul, Minn., and from there the despatches ran down to Chicago and thence back to Omaha. In this case it certainly was an illustration of the proverb, "The longest way round is the shortest way home."

THE SOBERING UP OF YALE BUDDY. Sudden Ending of the 2-Circle-X Outfit's Week Off at

"The boy's name was Hugh Schuyler Something-or-other-the fag-end of his signature belonged to some toppy New York family; but all of us working on the old 2-Circle-X called him Yale, or Yale Buddy, or just Bud, according to how much breath we had to spare," said the man from Idaho. "On the day that he strayed out to the 2-Circle -X and struck the boss-himself a Yale alumnus-for work, and got it, the foreman convoyed him over to the bunkhouse and introduced him to us in his best humorous vein.

" 'You fellers,' he said to us, 'don't want be none rude or rough with this vere fragile piece o' work,' pushing the new hand to the front, 'because, from th' way him an' th' boss was a-talkin' t'gether, I onderstand he's been t' Yale, an' they tell me that them Yale boys is sure handled oncommon tender an' pampered a heap.' And from then on we only knew the new hand as Yale, or Yale Buddy.

"The humor of the foreman's introducory remarks consisted in the fact that the new hand, although he hadn't been shaving more than a few years, stood 6 foot 3 in his moccasins and had a pair of shoulders on him that forced him to edge his way through the bunkhouse door on the oblique plan. I never saw a new ranch hand who looked better able to take care of himself.

"There wasn't much to teach him, except roping, throwing, branding and the details of the round-up, for he knew how to sit a horse like one of Teddy Forsyth's Sixth Cavalry men. One evening, after the finish of a round-up, when Yale Buddy had been on the ranch for about fourteen months, the boss strolled over to the bunkhouse, where we were all stretched out, smoking, and passed out money, telling us hat we might as well streak to Poostello or a week, if we thought we could behavethe old man always sort o' grinned when he got that in about our 'behaving', for he'd slept in a bunkhouse himself for quite some years before he acquired title to the 2-

"It was a thirty-mile jog to Pocatello and we saddled up before sunrise the next morning so as to get there by noon and dodge the afternoon heat. In less than two hours after we got there Yale Buddy was trying to jump his cavuse over the Idaho Gem honkatonk, which was all of fourteen feet high and fully as wide.

"That, of course, was too much of a jump for any kind of a horse, and the best that the cavuse could do was to try, landing with all four of his feet against the weatherboards and then skilfully dropping back on his hoofs again, with Bud hanging around his neck and whooping like a Moqui snakedancer at an adder-eating fiesta.

"Then the Yale Buddy, who for a sure thing had his horse educated up to a whole lot, would get behind the cayuse and hold up his watch—the watch had Yale's initials studded in diamonds on the case-and have the cayuse kick at it with his heels and see how near he could come to converting it into junk gold and chip gems. "These cayuse stunts palled on Yale

ong before dusk, and so he rode down to Orph Magoon's red-eye wickiup to play with the bear. Orph had a pet cinnamon bear that stood about 6 foot 6 when he rared up on his hind paws, and Yale liked to rassle and box with this bear. They rassled and boxed for the drinks, and after every fall or round Yale and the cinnamon ud stroll up to the bar, arms linked, and have one-Yale a straight hooter of the mesquite fluid and the bear a water-bucket. full of beer. It cost \$2 to fill the bear's bucket with beer every time they glided over to the counter, but Yale and the cinnamon were always great pals on these trips and Bud didn't know anything about the meaning of money, anyhow, never having

stacked up against the need of it. "In such calm and soothing employments the Yale Buddy spent all of the rest of the day and all of the night, so that when daylight peeked over the sage-brush hillocks on the next morning he was certainly quite a few corned up Nearly all the rest of the outfit had grabbed out three or four hours' slumber after whittling off our change at the fare and stud layouts, so that when the sun got around the next morning all of the 2-Circle-X'ers were in shape for another day of riot ex-

cept Budd. "Along toward sun-up Bud had started o pull down the Pocatello drug store. board by board, but the alowness of the work wearied him: and so he had pulled nimself up to the roof of the drug store and nad stretched himself out on the roof for nap. We saw him there when we got out for a couple of stayers and breakfast. and Luke Murnane, the assistant forenan of the outfit, climbed up to the roof

and stretched a poneho over Buddy so's o keep the sun out of his face. "A couple of hours after breakfast: when all of us except the still slumbering Bud were beginning to get busy with the hootcans again, the station operator strolled

into Orph Magoon's, where we were an-" 'I've got a wire for the Buddy,' he said

to Luke Murnane.

"'Buddy,' replied Luke, 'is all in an' asleep on yonder mansard,' pointing to

the drug store over the way, 'an' I reckon he ain't due t' be jolted awake none yet. Anythin' that can't wait in this yere message?'
Middling important, I guese, said the telegrapher with a grin, and he handed the telegram over to Luke, who broke the envelope and read the despatch slowly

the envelope and read the despatch slowly and with great care.

"Ombreys,' said Luke, after he had absorbed the contents of the telegram, clearing his throat and looking serious, 'it sure looks some t' me like this yere present drunk's got t' be laid aside an' postponed a few,' and he passed the telegram around for all of us to read.

"The telegram addressed to Buddy was dated from the overland No. 4 train, westbound, and due to stop at Pocatello at 3 o'clock that afternoon. It read:

clock that afternoon. It read: o'clock that afternoon. It read:
Shall arrive at Pocatello, with Helen and
Gertrude, on way to Portland, at 3 this
afternoon. Meet train and accompany us
part of way.

The telegram had been directed to Buddy

at the ranch, but the operator, knowing that Yale was along with the 2-Circle-X outfit in Pocatello, of course didn't hike the pony boy out there with it.

"It appearin',' said Luke Murnane, after each of us had read the telegram, that the year Buddy boy's may an' after each of us had read the telegram, that this vere Buddy boy's maw, an' like as not, his two sisters—th' same bein' th' young ladies mentioned in this message—are due t' slope 'long this-away in somethin' less'n six hours from now, I'm advisin' that this yere present drunk be switched, side-tracked, an' temp'rarily be switched, side-tracked, an' temp'rarily passed up ontil these yere lady relatives o' Buddy's gits in an' out o' Pocatello ag'in an', furthermore, I'm recommendin' that all hands immelitly git sure-enough busy in helpin' t' sober Buddy up, so that w'en these yere kins-ladies o' his'n hike along they'll find him fit t' be seen an' heard an' a honor t' old 2-Circle-X. How 'bout it'

"Luke's suggestion went with a whoop, and all hands turned their tin cups down as a sign and token that they were stringing glong with Luke in his sentiments.

The Yale boy was so sound seleep on the Riverside Park.

top of the drug store roof that Luke Murnane and Jeff Gerry had to pound on the soles of his boots with their gun butts for ten minutes before he opened his eyes. And when he did open them and mumbled something it was right clear that Buddy's twenty straight hours of kittenishness had submerged him a-plenty.

"He's some loco, all right, remarked Luke as he and Jeff picked Buddy up from the roof and handed him down to some of us below, 'but if he hain't a-lookin' peart an' purty w'en No. 4 climbs 'long this-away at \$ o'clock, then it won't be because his bunk mates hain't done no work over him,' and then four of us toting the all-in Buddy, and the rest falling in behind, we made for the back room of Orph Magoon's place. EAST SIDE STARS TRIED OUT

AMATEUR NIGHT AT A BOWERY VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

All Comers Allowed to Exhibit Their Talents at a Special Performance Once a Week-Mishaps That Amuse-A Gold Watch the Reward of Success

"Monkey" Susskind, an East Side young man, decided recently that he would like to shine as a vaudeville star. So he and Jim Bludsoe of Cherry Hill formed an alliplace.
"First, Buddy was stripped and tenderly floor. ance. They got together an outfit consiststretched out on a poncho on the floor of Orph's back room. Then we formed a bucket brigade and passed along ice-cold water from a spring about a hundred yards from Orph's while Luke doused Buddy with ing of a large hammer, a piece of flagstone, and a pine board about four inches thick, a foot wide and three feet long. Then they called upon the manager of a Bowery theatre. They told him of their ambition. "We'se de real tings," said Susskind,

buckets of the spring water upon him Buddy began to wriggle on the poncho and sat up. As he sat up, Luke slunk around behind him 'an' if youse 'll give us er date we'll make a hit dat'll make de wise guys of vodeville take a sneak up de alley. Say, mister, give us er trial, an' if we don't bring de chink in de house wese don't want er cent. See? After some deliberation the manager "Come around and see me in a few days. Near the close of the season I am going to make Friday night of each week amateur night. I will give you a chance

> you for my road show next season." The conversation took place several weeks ago. The first amateur night was last Friday. It was held after the regular performance.

Susskind and Bludsoe were on hand, and their friends had seats in the gallery to cheer them on. They were second on the hill. Susskind placed the pine board on his head and held it with his hands. Over the board Bludsoe placed the flagstone.

his nose. Buddy gave a Siwash whoop and stood up straight, but swaying like a Colorado aspen in a cyclone.

"Then, from behind, three or four of us with full buckets of water threw them on the Yale boy all at once, and he gradually grew clear endugh to be able to see out of his eyes and to begin to get rubby around the neckband. This plessed Luke and Jeff so much that each picked up a long barrel stave and began to give Buddy a Mexican myssage—you could have heard those slapsticks—working half a mile away.

"Buddy sterted to cuss thickly and more or less unintelligibly, but he was improving right along and he was able to stand up straighter each minute. Then Luke back-heeled him, threw him on the poncho, pried his teeth open, and poured into him a powerful dose of spirit of ammonia, in water, that one of us had got at the drug store on the advice of the druggist.

"Then Jeff sat on Buddy while Luke tickled the bottoms of the Yale boy's feet with a straw for about ten minutes—that appeared to be the best stunt of the lot, for from the beginning of it the Yale boy started in to cuss connectedly and in sequence. Then the external water cure, barrel-stave massage, ammonia cocktail and all the rest of the programme were gone over three of four times more, the Yale boy bucking, side-wheeling and tossing his mane uselessly all the while, so that a little after the hour of noon, when the outfit let up on him, the young fellow was looking out of eyes that were quite middling sensible.

"But, imagining that he was the victim

the board Bludsoe placed the flagstone.

Susskind then sat in a chair and the act was ready. Bludsoe wielded the hammer. The master of ceremonies told the audience that Bludsoe would try to break the stone with three strikes of the hammer.

The manager stood in the wings in anxous expectation. He was apprehensive of the result of the act and had visions of a visit from the Coroner after Bludsoe had delivered the first stroke.

Bludsoe took deliberate aim and brought the hammer down with all his might. The hammer just missed landing on Susskind's skull. The second blow was a little better, but the third just struck the edge of the stone and grazed Susskind's neck.

sensible.

"But, imagining that he was the victim of a hazing at the hands of his bunkmates he was dead sore all the way through, and game enough, at that, to give his soreness a tongue. but the third just struck the edge of the stone and grazed Susskind's neck.

This was too much for the manager and he promptly called a halt. In a jiffy he hustled the pair off the stage and breathing a sigh of relief called the next act.

The friends of the twain did not know what to make of it and boosed for a while. game enough, at that, to give his soreness a tongue.

"You're a bunch of damned tin-horn curmudgeons,' he told us as he sat shivering, without any clothes on, on a stool in a corner of Orph's back room, and then Luke, panting a little sfter his two hours of hard exertion, stepped forward.

"Son,' he said in a kindly tone to the Yale boy, 'they hain't no ombrey in this yere fitout whut's got ary thing ag'in you—you ought t' know that. Wen we don't keer none f'r a man we can find other ways o lettin' him know it without goin' thirsty an' spendin' two or three hours o' good

what to make of it and booed for a while. But when the impresario explained matters they were satisfied. He forgot to tell the crowd, though, that outside of a few dents the stone was not disturbed.

"Amateur night" on the Bowery has its instructive as well as its humorous side. The talent developed thus far is a trifle above the average and some of the performers have shown flashes of future greatness on the variety stage.

o lettin' him know it without goin' thirsty an' spendin' two or three hours o' good rum-vacation time a-tryin' t' evap'rate th' juniper juice out of his frame. I guess maybe you'd better read this yere—it come this mornin' we n you was sleepin' on top o' th' drug store, an', not wantin' t' disturb you, I took th' liberty o' openin' an' readin' it,' and he handed the telegram over to the Yale boy.

"Buddy read it in one swift glance, and there was just a slight lump in his throat and a kind of break in his voice as he got to his feet and held out his hand to Murnane. ness on the variety stage.

It costs nothing to get a trial, and the performer who does best gets a gold watch.

Men, women and boys take advantage of Men, women and boys take advantage of the opportunity to display their talents.

The last amateur show had an olio which comprised eight distinct acts, ranging from a wire walker to a Dutch act by two East Side Italians. The latter team were about 18 and 20 years old. They were on the bill as "Niley and Steel," and their make-up was true to tradition, with the exception that they forgot to wear long-haired wigs, after the style of some of the stellar German comedians.

oomedians. Niley, the "feeder" of the two, was unde sized as is customary in acts of this kind He had an expansive paunch and seemed to enjoy the sensation of appearing before an audience. They had resurrected all the antique jokes they could think of, and wound up with a regular clog dance and fip-flop.

It was only when Niley asked his partner

and a kind of break in his voice as he got to his feet and held out his hand to Murnane.

"All right, Luke, and the rest of you fellows," was all he said as he took all hands in with his gaze. 'I won't forget this. I had it figured out wrong—but I'm not going to forget this thing you fellows have done for me."

"Then he put on his cattle-punching togs, brushed himself off all neat and tidy, and half an hour before the train was due he came out of the barber shop looking as trig as a new prairie schooner with a swabbed canvas cover.

"When the train got in—No. 4 made a half-hour stop at Pocatello at that time—a tall, handsome, white-haired and ruddy-skinned old lady, followed by a pair of tall young women of the kind that we had often heard about and seen pictures of, but had never actually looked upon out our way, stepped from the train, and we knew that they were Buddy's women folks, for they all looked like him—so we started to mosey around to the other side of the station so's to be out of the way.

"The Yale boy wouldn't stand for that, though, and he gave us the arms of his It was only when Niley asked his partner why a chicken crossed the street that apathy of the audience disappeared. the Bowery such jokes are sacred. the Bowery such jokes are sacred. An indignant spectator promptly threw a cabbage at the pair. It found an abiding place on Niley's paunch. Niley fell back against the scenery with a thud, and sat down gasping for wind. When he recovered his speech he yelled:

"Da mugga whatt: threwa da cabbaga isa a bigga de stiff."

But before he had time to hear the retort that followed the stage attendants grabbed him and hustled him into the wings. When order was restored the next act began. It was given by the Quinn brothers and they gave an excellent display of jig dancing. They danced for nearly twenty minutes and the crowd showed their appreciation by throwing money at them. The youngest of the two, a compactly built lad, seemed to have the better wind. He danced until the blood rushed to his face and the perspiration was streaming But before he had time to hear the retor

face and the perspiration was streaming down his brow.

"Keep it up Chimmey, youse de goods," yelled an admirer in the gallery. "Give us de mobile buck an' de Allen street wing."

Let er go. Chimmey! Let er go!

Chimmy after going through a number of intricate gyrations finally fell in sheer exhaustion upon the stage. Then the crowd cut loose in real earnest and cheered

"We will now have a Hebrew impersonation by an Irish lad named Ike Levy, he master of ceremonies announced as he Quinn brothers hobbled triumphantly

dropped his hat twice in trying to take it off.

"And you are all here on a week's leave from the ranch?' said one of Buddy's swagger sisters to Luke. 'And you are all so—so—self-contained?' she went on. 'I had heard and read that it was all so different—that you cowboys were such a dear, wild, reckless and—shall I say it?—noisy lot when you came into the towns.'

"We have t' stand f'r a heap o' slanderin', miss,' replied Luke, solemnly, while Buddy, who was standing right behind his sister and listening, gave an awful wink that came mighty nigh busting Luke up in his business. 'You can't pay no sort o' tention t' whut you hear about us—us coyotes,' and then Luke had to scuttle for the far side of the station to give himself a chance. off the stage.

A tall, lanky fellow, made up after the fashion of Dave Warfield, put in an appearance. He slowly straddled toward the footlights, waved his arms, and then drew his hands into his coat sleeves until they were invisible. Then facing the audience he began a long harangue about his wife Rachael and his mother-in-law. Then he wound up with a parody on a popular song. He was getting along famously until he tried to deliver a few gags. Then his the far side of the station to give himself a chance.

"The Yale boy went on to Portland with his mother and sisters, and when he got back he had a swell new saddle and a bang-up pair of fringed chaps for each of us. He's been in the cattle business on a big ranch of his own in Wyoming for a goo d many years now, and has taught a lot of little Buddies how to rope a steer or stop a stampeded cayuse—but he has never raised a cactus-filled tin cup to his face since the day that Luke Murnane and Jeffy Gerry and the rest of his bunkmates called on a semi-annual toot for the purpose of fixing

"You're a comedian—nit," some one shouted. "Get off! You're rotten," yelled another.

"Get off! You're rotten," yelled another.

"Vamoose," cried a third.

In a jiffy things were certainly coming his way. Had he been an expert hurdler, he could not have dodged things better. Missiles of all descriptions were flung at him from all parts of the house. He made his escape and the show was resumed.

About the best act of the night was furnished by a youngster named Joe Burdy. He was about 18 and had an exceptionally sweet voice. And, besides, he was a comedian from his toes up. He gave a monologue which was clever and witty and kept the crowd in excellent humor.

The last act on the programme introduced Sweeney and Sayles, Irish comedians. What they lacked in real talent they made up for in unalloyed nerve. Sweeney, despite his Irish name, was semitic in appearance and seemed to take himself rather seriously. His partner was as timid as a deer and appeared to have a presentiment of a catastrophe later on. as timid as a deer and appeared to have a presentiment of a catastrophe later on.

After indulging in a sidewalk conversation, they began knocking each other about all over the stage. Sweeney, who outweighed his partner by at least ten pounds, went at Sayles in too realistic fashion.

Every time the later was a least ten pounds.

pounds, went at sayles in too realistic fashion.

Every time the latter uttered a joke Sweeney poked him in the eye or on the jaw with all the strength at his command.

Once he landed a hard right in Jim Jeffries fashion on Sayles's jaw, which must have made the latter believe he was an astrologer. All of this Sayles took goodnaturedly.

The spectators, especially the occupants of the gallery, witnessed the punching powers of Sweeney with keen delight and applauded. This made Sweeney hit all the harder and it was not long before Sayles rebelled.

rebelled.

He retalized in kind. He amashed
Sweeney on the ear with his clinched fist
and punched him on the mouth until

ently discovered could help them very much. She came to New York from a neighoring rural town, where she used to teach school, and somehow or other she found herself interested in the children who flock to the park these days, and found that, all but unknown to herself, she was interesting them also. Her interest in them seemed to be due to the strength of habit, and presently the children began to make friends with her; and finding her sympathetic, particularly in school matters, they next began to confide in her and then to ask her help with their small problems.

Day by day this went on, while the young woman knew not the names of her small friends or the places of their abode, and they knew no more of her. But they had come to look for her so eagerly that, from having gone to the park first just to get out of doors while convalencing from a period of bad health, she came to feel that she had a daily duty in the park, lest the children, her new friends, seek their wise guide in vain.

And this ourious form of a new peripatetic school, with a young American girl at its head. Sweepey's lips were cut. Sweeney's lips were cut.

The manager, who stood in the wings, saw trouble brewing and told them to "cut it out." But his mandate had no effect and in a moment Sweeney and Sayles went at each other like two longshoremen and were wiping each other up all over the stage.
Immediately the house was in an uproan

The manager came on the stage, broke WAS J. J. ASTOR'S VILLA ONCE

desist.

"If you want to do any fighting go into the ring," said the manager angrily. "This is a theatre, not an athletic club."

"He punched me first," said Sayles.

"Ho's a liar, he struck me first," blurted

Sweeney.

"Shut up!" cried the manager. "Wash and dress up and get out of the building as fast as you can or I'll have you both pinched."

The pair tried to apologize, but the man ager was obdurate. When Sweeney and Sayles left the theatre they had another quarrel in the street, but it was apparently a bloodless one, for they were last seen going

a bloodless one, for they were last seen going up the street arm in arm.

Joe Burdy, the sixteen-year-old youngster, received the prize. He was as proud as a peacock over the gift and was showing the watch to his friends in the lobby of the theatre after the performance.

"Why don't you hock it?" said one of his ohums examining the timepiece critically.

"You can git a two-spot on it at Simpson's."

"Naw," said John proudly, "I'm going to take it home to me mudder and show it ter

take it home to me mudder and show it ter her. Mebbe I might need it wen I gets old enough t' vote."

And true to his word he forthwith left his friends and went home.

MAY HAVE BEEN CHANCE, BUT-A Letter to Be Translated Hard on the

Heels of a Translator Out of a Job. We got started the other day on what then, and if your act is all right I will engage looked like a new swindle," said a post office inspector, "but nothing came of it because the man who told us of it refused to back t up should it come to a show-down.

"A machinery manufacturer in a downtown street came to us and said he thought he had been swindled. A young man of good appearance had called on him and introduced himself as a translator of Spanish and Portuguese. He suggested that the manufacturer must receive a number of letters from Spain and other foreign countries and that he would need some one to translate them.

"As a matter of fact, the manufacturer doesn't get an order from a foreign country more than once a year, and he was rather tickled that the young man should think that he did an extensive business. So when the young man suggested that the manufacturer could help him out by giving him any foreign letters that needed translating, the manufacturer said that he would be glad to. The young man left his name and address and went away profusely thankful.

"About three days later the manufacurer got a seventeen-page letter from Havana written in Spanish. He studied the letter for some hours wondering what it could mean and then, calling to mind he young man, sent for him. He turned the letter over to him, told him to translate it and send in the bill. The young man made the translation in a very short time and brought it back with a bill for \$3.40

"As the manufacturer read the translation he became mightily pleased. The letter purported to come from a Spaniard who had contracts for building a big bridge. The job was one of considerable importance and the Spaniard wanted to know how much iron would be needed, what it would cost, where he could get it, what he would have to pay for the machinery and the best

oost, where he could get it, what he would have to pay for the machinery and the best way of getting it to Cuba.

"As the maniifacturer waded through the letter he thought he saw a great light. Considering the size of the job, the writer seemed to be very ignorant of the ins and outs of the business. Trade terms, which would naturally be used, were missing, and there were other things about the letter which made the manufacturer suspicious.

"After pondering for some time he decided that there was something more than a coincidence in the cell of the young man who could translate Spanish for a compensation, and the arrival of the letter from Cuba. The more he thought over the thing the hotter he became and finally he landed in here with his complaint.

"We looked up the young man and found that he had deskroom in an office building near Wall street. He got very little maif, and apparently his business wasn't very prosperous.

"We saw that if he was a myindler we

saw that if he was a swindler we would have a hard job in catching him, it was done away with and the bigger part and we asked the manufacturer if he would of the surrounding ground was cut up secute if we found out that his transaction with the young man was ir-regular. By that time he had cooled down. He announced that he had refused to pay the bill, wasn't out anything, and, there fore, didn't want to be put to any unneces

fore, didn't want to be put to any unnecessary trouble.

"That put an end to our investigation, as we would have no complainant even if we did make out a case against the young fellow. We waited for some one else to come along and kick on the same thing, but so far there has been nothin' doin'. The young man may have been all right and perfectly honest, but the thing didn't look good on the face of it."

ROUT OF ONE JANITOR.

Prompt Revolt of the Tenants of an Uptown

Flat Against a New Code. In an apartment house on the West Side where ten families reside, there is a janitor who came to teach and remained to learn. The building is in the general charge of an agent who clings to the good, old fashioned idea that employees are to do what employers want, and he proved a great surprice to the up-to-date janitor.

An industrious janitor, who had found a more fruitful field of labor, lately gave place to the new one, who took charge on a Thursday afternoon. There seemed to be no more friction than new machinery is liable to develop for a couple of days. but on Sunday morning the tenants re-

ceived a jarring. No newspapers or milk came up by the tumbwaiter, and rings of the bells from the kitchens to the basement brought no answers. Indeed, persistent ringers with acute ears presently ascertained that their eager ringing led to the plugging up of the bells, for the bells which had at first sounded clearly through the waiter shaft now ceased

to give forth any sound at all. Wonder was giving place to anger, when the occupants of the apartments received neatly written communications, dated the day before and signed by the janitor. These

read in this wise:

Tenants will please take note of the fact that garbage will be whistled for at about 7:15 A. M., daily, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, on which days no garbage will be taken.

After the garbage has been whistled for no garbage will be received.

Also take note of the fact that the delivery of nilk, papers, &c., by the janitor, which are left here by grocerymen, &c., is purely optional with him, as the renting of these apartments does not include his services to the tenants.

These rules are necessary for the proper management of the apartments. managemer to the apartments.

Law-abiding Americans in the house did not want to disturb the peace of the Sabbath, and for the most part the communications were received with silence. And

Sabath, and for the most part the communications were received with silence. And for that one morning servents descended and ascended the stairs with milk jars, papers, &c., in their arms, while there were a few remarks about the probability of empty flata being the order in that building very shortly, if the agent approved the janitor's rules.

The next morning the tenants were ready to believe that there is certainly such a thing as telepathy. Each one who sought to be first to get at the agent found that he already knew what had happened. It developed that the janitor had gone to him first with a truthful tale of the issuance of Janitor's General Orders No. 1.

The agent, being of the fine old-fashioned school, had not waited to hear from the tenants before instructing the janitor in the way he should go, in that building, at least, and the residents there have since been able to abide as of yore, in the confidence that there still lives in New York one agent who has not surrendered to the janitor.

HOBOKEN HOUSE WITH A HIS-TORY UP AGAINST A NEW LAW.

Built by the Founder of the Aster Family as a Summer Home-Irving and Other Distinguished Men Its Guests-Now

Its Stoop May Be Cut Off. An ordinance passed by the Hoboken Councilmen prohibiting sidewalk obstructions may cause the removal of the sto steps in front of the old villa of John Jacob Astor at the southwest corner of Washington and Second streets. The building is the oldest in Hoboken, with the exception of the Stevens family residence at Castle Point, which was built by Col. John Stevens in 1784.

John Jacob Astor was reputed to be the wealthiest man in the United States when he became a resident of Hoboken and moved into his villa in 1828. While superintending the building of the villa he was in the habit of stopping at the boarding house of the Misses Van Buskirk on the Hoboken waterfront.

"The old maid Van Buskirks," as they were familiarly called, conducted one of the best-known resorts on the Jersey side of the Hudson. They were gentlewomen who were forced to shift for themselves by the financial reverses of their father. Their skill in preserving fruit and making pastries, the care they expended on their garden and the trimness of their own brocaded gowns and white caps were matters

Mr. Astor's villa had a fine situation The gardens which surrounded it were filled with rare plants and foliage brought home by the captains of his merchantmen, and the front windows commanded an unobstructed view of the Hoboken river walk. Here there was an everchanging parade of pleasure seekers and Mr. Astor, it is recorded, was very fond of mingling with them.

Fitz-Greene Halleck spent much time at Mr. Astor's Hoboken villa. The opening lines of "Fanny," in which he describes Manhattan's harbor, are said to have been written on the porch of the house. Washington Irving and Martin Van Buren

Washington Irving and Martin Van Buren were also frequent guests at the villa. Irving was extremely fond of the old Dutch settlements on the Jersey shore, and is said to have obtained much of the matter for his "Knickerbooker History of New York" from the Van Horne family, who lived in the "House of the Four Chimneys," which is still standing at Communipaw.

Irving and the old millionaire could frequently be seen driving about Hoboken about this time. Their favorite pursuit was to stop at homesteads and collect old Flemish plate. The author used to tell his friends at the Salmagundi Club that they were wasting time hunting up stuff of this kind in the New York shops when such choice things could be picked up by crossing the Stevens ferry.

Another favorite diversion of Irving's in Hoboken was to walk through the Elysian Fields and meet actors who used to go there to study and rest. A writer of the time says that it was a common thing to see performers walking in the fields committing their lines to memory.

performers walking in the fields committing their lines to memory.

It was in the Elysian Fields that Irving and Astor used to consort with the members of the Turtle Club, which is still in existence. The members of the original club were epicures who gloried in their avoirdupois. The story that Irving gave the club its motto, "As we journey through life let us live by the weigh," is denied by the present members of the organization, who say that it was not adopted until long after his death.

who say that it was not adopted until long after his death.

Mr. Astor gave up his life at the villa in 1831, when he went abroad, and it passed from the family estate shortly after his death. Since that time it has had half a dozen owners. A Hohoken firm bought it eight years ago for \$22,500 and turned the apartments into offices. A saloon has been running on the ground floor for nearly thirty years.

thirty years.

The villa was built of pressed brick and had one story and an attic. Another story was added after it passed from the Astor estate, and the iron fence which inclosed

and sold for building lots The stone stoop, which is to be removed, extends ten feet from the house line. The new ordinance provides that the sidewalk shall not be obstructed four feet beyond the

BEFORE THE COPYRIGHT LAW. Agnes Ethel Tracy the First Woman to Pay for a Foreign Play.

Agnes Ethel Tracy, who died the other day, was the first woman in this country to pay a foreign dramatist anything for the use of his plays. In 1872 she went to Paris and met Vic-

orien Sardou. There was no international

copyright law then, and foreign plays were

used here without any compensation to the authors. with Sardou about a play for her use, and was delighted to learn the details of his 'Agnes," in which there was a role suited to her. The dramatist had called it "Arabella," as he thought that a typical American name. The title was changed, and Miss Ethel bought the play and paid the dean

of the French dramatists \$10,000 in royalties while she acted in the drama. This was the first payment ever made by an American actor or manager to a foreign dramatist. Now foreign playwrights receive their royalties, in case certain copyright formalities are complied with, as regu-

larly as if they were on the spot. Agnes Ethel got another play in France without paying for it. She met Meilhao and Halévy, authors of "Frou-Frou," which she had made famous here. They had never earned a cent from the production, although Augustin Daly made thousands out of t. The adaptation was made by him.

of t. The adaptation was made by him.

The French authors were delightfully courteous to Miss Ethel and told her that they wanted her to consider the play her property. It belonged legally to nobody in America, tney said, and they wanted her to consider the drama her own.

Miss Ethel was delighted and told the story on her return. Some years later she arranged for an amateur performance of the play in Buffalo. She wrote to Augustin Daly as a matter of form, telling him that she was to use the old Meilhao and Halevy drama.

and Halévy drama.

"I beg to notify you," came the answer from Mr. Daly, "that you have my permission to use the play. But I shall expect my usual royalty on the performance."

This response amused Miss Ethel, since if there were any proprietary rights in the if there were any proprietary rights in the piece in this country they belonged to her through the gift of the authors.

ROBIN'S NEST OF LACE. Mrs. Newton of Geneseo Catches Winged

who lives in Centre street, put two fine lace collars out on the lawn in front of her house to dry a few days ago. When she went to get them an hour later they were gone. She was sure nobody stole them, because she was sitting beside a window at the front of the house at the time and would have seen anybedy entering the yard. The next day she put another collar out and watched. A robin flew down from an apple tree near by and carried off the collar. An investigation was made and the two other collars were found woven into the bird's nest in a crotch of the apple tree. There was also a small lace hand-kerchief in the nest. The bird that was doing the "fine-art" nest building and its mate set up a big outery and pecked fiercely at the man in the tree when the nest was being pulled down. at the front of the house at the time and

Thief at Work. GENESEO, N. Y., May 26 .- A Mrs. Newton